



# The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]  
THE REALM OF MUSIC.

BY MARY C. FORD.

There's music in the crystal stream;  
As murmuring, it gently flows  
By banks where vernal flowers unclose,  
Their perfumed blossoms sparkling through  
A pretty look of evening dew,  
When gilded by sunlight beam.

There's music in the rustling leaf;  
When moved by sepias soft and low,  
As if the wind in the white-singed sand,  
It passes on a stranded strand.  
A holder strain when surging o'er  
The sinking ship—with sullen roar.  
Despair's wild melody.

There's music in the angry heart;  
Boys, martial music—like a harp.  
Its strains note lead and sharp.  
But when his chords c'rtain,  
With love and peace—strains pure and low,  
A holy joy impart.

There's music in the balmy air;  
And music in the surging sea,  
Unites with mirth in melody.  
Above diriter notes proclaim,  
The glory of His holy name,  
Who reigns almighty there.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]  
THE RIVAL SUITORS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Arter taking her out sliegh-ridin' and treatin' her, arter all the apples I give her, arter expedin' tew dollars and fifty cents on that ery yaller vest a purpose to cut a shine in her eyes, arter havin' a new velvet collar attached to my new blue smaller-tail, now to her Sairey Mitten allow that black-faced, swaggerin' tobakkerorin' Eph. Bagshot walkin' home from meetin' with her, settin' up sparkin' Sabbath nights, and takin' her out to ride with him, he is a little too aggravatin'" exclaimed Solomon Barkit, a well-to-do and wide-awake young gentleman in one of the rural districts of Vermont, as he sat upon the top-rail of his cow-pard fence, his eyes roaming over his broad acres, but taking in no feature of the smiling landscape that seemed to woo his eye.

"Suthin' must be done. I've a great mind to go to Boston and set up a dry goods shop—or marry ole maid Higgins, or du suthin' else desperate."

Solomon Barkit had cause enough for discontent. Sarah Mitten was a very charming girl, the only daughter of old Squire Mitten, who had represented the town from time immemorial, and he himself was a far more likely fellow than Eph. Bagshot, who was a notorious scapragore. Eph. ran horses, and shot pigeon-matches, and haunted the taverns, and was at the bottom of all the scrapes and bedevilements that ever disturbed the quiet village where he led his racketty life. He was strongly suspected of having furnished the academy boys with the powder whereby they blew up the bell just as it was about to ring them in to recitation; and out of revenge for the hints at his complicity thrown upon him by the principal, he had caught the worthy man's wall-eyed plough horse one dark night, and kept him till he had clapped all the hair off his hide, and treated him to an entire coat of light peacock paint, a fact which the principal, who was very purblind, did not discover till he was driving the poor animal to meeting the next day, which happened to be Sunday. Often, of a cold winter night, when the honest people were all in their beds, they would be aroused by the demoniac yell of Bagshot, and a horde of congenial cronies, collected from all the neighboring towns, as they rushed through the village in a four-horse sleigh. These mad roystors were supposed to have a cave somewhere in the woods, known only to themselves, where it was reported they held nocturnal revels, and enjoyed Apician banquets, the fare being furnished by the plundered hen-roosts of the farmers round about. Yet Eph. Bagshot was notoriously without friends. He had certain qualities that always command consideration. His black eyes, keen, and brilliant as a falcon's, sparkled with humor and intelligence; he had a laugh that was positively infectious; he rode like a centaur, could bring down a buck at full jump with a single ball; and give him a pair of skates, could write his name and do a sum of compound addition on the ice, as handily as the writing-master could on paper. He was a famous dancer, and no mean performer on the violin. But he was an idle fellow. In the spring he would be gone whole days hunting—and he passed a large portion of the winter, hunting. When he worked he did more labor in a day than any two men; but he preferred the forest to the field. He was fond of the tavern, too, and in the bar-room of the "Red Stag" lorded it over even Boniface himself.

Squire Mitten was not at all pleased when this rolling-blade (who came of a good family, by the way) made up to his daughter, and still less so when the dame, whom old maid Higgins had intended to be actually engaged to Solomon Barkit, allowed herself to go to ride with him, and showed her evident satisfaction at his attentions. There were some persons in the village who thought this nothing but coquetry, and designed to arouse the jealousy of Solomon Barkit; but she majority took their heads, and expressed their belief that Bagshot would be the happy man; and they went on to speculate how unhappy she would be: had somehow Bagshot would desert her, and made up their verdict of "soured her right" in anticipation of a future separation.

Matters were in this state when a recruiting officer arrived in the village, and established his headquarters at the "Red Stag." He was raising men under the Ten Regiment bill for the

support of the operations in Mexico. He was a very peppery little fellow and had been with Taylor on the Rio Grande, and told enormous stories about Palo Alto and Rosaca de la Palma. He exhibited an esophageal ball which had been extracted from his own leg, and a bundle of cigarettes abandoned by General Ampudia in the hurry of his panic flight. The bar-room of the Red Stag was crowded nightly, too, by eager listeners to the commentaries of their modern Caesar, and the sales at the bar were doubled during Captain Pimento's sojourns.

One evening, Solomon Barkit, attracted by a sort of curiosity, strolled toward the tavern, and was passing through a green lane that led to the Red Stag, when he suddenly encountered Sarah Mitten, whom he had not seen to speak it for a long time. He saluted her mournfully.

"Where are you going now, Solomon?" asked the rustic beauty.

"I was goin' to the tavern," answered Solomon, timidly.

"O, I wish I was goin', too," said the young lady.

"You!" exclaimed Solomon, opening his eyes. "Whar for?"

"To hear the captain tell all about the war in Mexico. I do admire sopers!"

"Do you?"

"Yes indeed. And I think it's the duty of every American to stand up for his country—when that horble Sairy Ann is a threatren' to take Washington and burn the capitol. Why don't you go to Mexico, Solomon?"

"I ain't no fightin' character," answered Solomon, gloomily.

"O, I wish to goodness I was a man!" said the young lady. "I'd like for a soper, and go and give them Mexikins fits."

"Ah, you've got the real grit, Sairey," said Solomon, admiringly. "If you was thar, you'd make the hair fly, I'll be bound. But I hant no taste for soperin"—and I 'spect I'd better stay to home. If that's Sairy Ann to come here—then I reckon I am something."

"Well you're your own master, Solomon. Good-night! I do so like somthin' of sparkin'!"

Solomon was soon in the bar-room which was densely crowded. "Fellow citizens," the little captain was saying, as he entered: "your country calls upon you. Will you be deaf to her imploring appeal? The president sends you your service. Will you not join the banner of the gallant Scott, the hero of Lundy's Lane, the veterans of 1812, who always buckle on their arms, swallow their hairy plate of meat, and rush to the war?" Think of the glory—think of the pain of the pincer of mustachios. The eagle-eyes surveyed him keenly for a moment, and then an open palm descended with a thundering concussion on his shoulder, while a well-known voice exclaimed:

"Solomon! old feller, don't you know me?"

"Why, yes," stammered Solomon, "I—I believe it's Mr. Bagshot."

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.

"I see through, though, I wons't beat up the old man's quarters to-night. My poor old mother want to see me first. By Jove! it seems as if I'd been gone ten years, and as if everything must be changed. You a soper? ha, ha!" and the brute laughed till the echoes rang again.

"Well, I must idid you good-night, sergeant," said Solomon, edging away.

"So must I," said Sergeant Bagshot.

"Sergeant Bagshot, if you please," said the rival. "And you," he added, with a sneer, "are Cap'n Solomon, I reckon. Been playin' soper, I've heard tell. The biggest bit of soperin' you done was backin' out when the reasin' was goin' on. Well, what all the folks? how Sairey?"

"Miss Mitten is pretty well, I believe, sir."

"You believe—well, I'm going to see for myself, directly," retorted Bagshot.

"It's a late hour for callin', ain't it?" faltered the captain.

"O, sh! see me, no matter how late it is, I reckon," replied Bagshot, with a laugh.



# The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

COME HOME.

BY MARY N. CLARK.

Brother dear, why dost thou tarry  
From thy home so long away?  
Know'dst thou not friends there are watching,  
Praying for thee every day?  
When two years ago you left us,  
Withered leaves were falling fast;  
Thickly were the raindrops pouring,  
Heavily wiled the autumn blast.

Father's face looked pale and solemn,  
Mother could not say good-by;  
And my tears were falling faster  
Than the raindrops from the sky.  
Just as I thought it was enough,  
Can it short time be wrought?  
That we could learn to bear him  
Meekly, as at Christmas ought.

Brother, in our household circle  
There is no welcome cheer;  
Father's gone, and O, how lonely  
Seems our home when he is not there!  
Wen he lay upon his death-bed,  
Ofth he blessed his absent son;  
Prayed that he in heaven might meet you,  
When your earthly race was run.

Brother dear, then hasten homeward,  
Mother's heart is lonely now;  
Care and sorrow fast are tracing  
Furrows on her pluck brow.  
Come, and from us do not longer  
Be far away; we are but暂  
We are very lone without thee—  
Brother dear, come home, come home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE TWENTY FRANC PIECE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

BEFORE the city residence of M. Firal, a rich Paris banker, a boy apparently fifteen years of age, might have been heard one fair spring morning playing on a hurdy-gurdy. It was not very melodious, nor was the playing in the highest style of art, yet music under whatever form seldom fails to find its way to the heart. It was this feeling, doubtless, which stayed the steps of the humbler passers-by, and gradually gathered around the poor musician a ring of appreciating, though not remunerating auditors. The modiste's apprentice, the mechanic's journeyman, the servant maid, for of such were the auditors constituted, had nothing to give but their attention, and that they deservedly.

No doubt the boy came to the same opinion, for he was about to pack up his instrument, and move further on, when the outer door of the house opened quickly, and a beautiful little girl, perhaps three years younger than himself, beckoned him to come in.

He obeyed the summons, and followed the young girl, who led the way through the hall into an apartment elegantly but not ostentatiously furnished. The breakfast-table was still standing in the centre of the apartment. Before the fire, in a large arm-chair, was seated a gentleman in the prime of life. He was carelessly attired in a dressing-gown, and had evidently just risen from the table. His face had that benevolent expression, which is almost sure to accompany a kindly heart.

This was M. Firal, the banker.

When the door opened, he looked round, and beheld the boy whom his daughter Marie ushered in.

"Ah, whom have we here?" said he, turning an inquisitive glance towards the boy, whose eyes were taking a surprised survey of the apartment, which, to his unpractised eye seemed furnished with regal magnificence.

"It is a poor boy, mama, that I found playing in front of our door. I thought he might be hungry and destitute, and so—"

"And so you invited him, my little philanthropist. Well, let us see if we can do anything for him. Where are you from, my boy?"

"From Auvergne, sir," said the boy, in a respectful tone.

"And are you here alone in Paris? Have you no friends, no relations here? You are young to take charge of yourself."

"No sir, I have no relations here. At home, in dear Auvergne, which I hope to see again some time, if Heaven favors me, I have a mother, and a brother, two years younger than myself."

"And why did you leave them?"

"Because they are poor, and would not be a burden to my mother who works hard enough already. But I could get no work at home, so one morning I took this hurdy-gurdy, which belonged to my father, and taking leave of my mother and Louis, my brother, I came to Paris, in hopes of gaining enough to support myself, and more, perhaps, so as to go home, by-and-by, to dear Auvergne."

"I suppose you do not fare very sumptuously?"

The boy looked perplexed. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not quite understand."

"I mean, I suppose you do not live on very rich food!"

"No," replied Jean, for this was the boy's name. "A loaf of bread and a cup of water is what I generally get. Now and then, I buy a tart such as the market-women sell for a sou, but not very often, for I save all the money I can get to carry home."

"Have you taken breakfast this morning?"

"Not yet."

"Then for once you shall have something better than usual. Marie, give him a seat at the table, and pour him out some chocolate. Take care that he has enough."

Marie clapped her hands at the novelty of the idea, and caused the little Jean to sit at the table. He sat on the edge of the plush velvet chair, for he was afraid of soiling it. The unexpected circumstances in which he found himself placed, at first disconcerted him to eat; but the gaiety of Marie, and her persuasions, soon placed him more at his ease, and he ate with great relish. Hunger is a great appetizer, and she fine roll on which he commenced operations appealed to him so deliciously that he could not avoid finishing it.

When he rose from the table, it was with a sigh of gratification, which fully vindicated the enjoyment the meal had afforded him.

"Well," said M. Firal, looking up, "are you hungry now?"

"No, sir, thanks to your goodness." The boy made a motion to depart. M. Firal took from his pocket a handful of small change, and placed it in his hand. Jean put it in his pocket, and thankfully retired.

M. Firal drew on his coat and gloves, and taking his heart that comfortable feeling which the consciousness of having performed a good action always inspires.

He was walking leisurely along, when he felt a touch upon his coat. He looked back, and perceived that Jean was trying to arrest his attention.

"Ah, what now?" he inquired, with surprise.

"Sir," said the boy, as soon as he could recover breath, for he had been running, "sir, you have made a mistake."

"A mistake! About what?"

The boy held up a gold piece of twenty francs.

"You gave me this, sir, among the other pieces. I suppose you took it for silver. So, here it is again."

"Since you have been so honest as to return it," said the banker, "you shall suffer no loss. It is yours. I give it to you freely."

Jean's eyes sparkled.

"Since you are so kind, sir, I will keep it, and many thanks. I hope I shall some day have a chance to show you how truly grateful I am."

"That I do not in the least doubt. Make a good use of it, and I shall feel more than repaid."

A moment afterwards, and the hoarse notes of the hurdy-gurdy were again heard, as the boy, with a light heart and cheerful spirit, full of glowing anticipations of the future which are so readily kindled in the mind of youth, moved forward to what he considered an eligible station for the practice of his art.

Such a scene as that detailed above recurred too frequently in the life of the charitable banker, to remain long in his memory.

Not so, however, with Marie. She had been much interested in the story of the little stranger, who had wandered so far from home into the streets of a great city, with the design of lighting his mother's burdens.

"Shall I ever see him again?" she asked, with a feeling of interest.

Momus passed by, and though she took care to examine particularly all whom she met, who were engaged in the same employment as her protege, she was unable to find Jean.

One day, as she went a little out of her usual course, on the way to school, she was attracted by the sight of some fine oranges at a fruit stall, situated at the corner of a street.

"What is the price?" she inquired, taking one in her hand.

"To you, mademoiselle, nothing," was the reply.

Surprised at this answer, she looked up, and beheld with pleasure the face of Jean, the whilom hurdy-gurdy player.

"What is it you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, to your goodness, and that of your father, I am a little better off than I was when you took pity on me."

"And, how is that I find you hero? You have renounced the hurdy-gurdy?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, it did not entirely suit me. By good luck, the owner of this stall was willing to sell out his run of custom, and I was enabled to purchase it. It was the price of twenty francs which I received from your father, that enabled me to do it. Without that, I should still have been playing on the hurdy-gurdy through the streets, without any prospect of doing better."

"And you are succeeding well here?" inquired Marie, with interest.

"Yes, I attend closely to business, and take care never to sell anything that I do not know to be good. That brings me customers."

"I am glad to hear it."

Marie was about to deposit the price of the fruit, but Jean requested her with so much earnestness to allow him to make her a present of it, that she finally yielded to his entreaties, feeling assured that in no other way could she give him so much pleasure.

After this unexpected encounter with her protege, Marie used frequently to pass by the little stand at which he was stationed, and never without exchanging a few words with him, or, perhaps, purchasing some little article.

She would often lead him, by an expression of kind encouragement, to speak of his mother, and his cottage home in Auvergne, round which clustered so many associations of childhood happiness.

Such a state of things, however, was not destined to continue long. Summer came with its long and sultry days, and M. Firal left Paris with his daughter, to pass a few days at a beautiful country retreat not many miles from the metropolis.

On returning to the city, one of Marie's first walks carried her to the little fruit stall of Jean. But it was kept by a different person, and notwithstanding the numerous inquiries which she made, could obtain no clue to his whereabouts. It was with a feeling of regret that she acknowledged this to herself, for she had come to feel a more ordinary interest in the fortunes of the young adventurer. But it was not likely that they would meet again.

Several years passed by—years which bore but lightly upon Mr. Firal, mingling here and there a grave streak in his dark hair.

But with Marie it was different. The schoolgirl of twelve, had expanded into the young lady of eighteen. Time, so far from robbing her of her youthful bloom, and the gaiety which marked her childhood, had rather contributed to heighten the effect of each. Still she change had been so gradual, that her father could scarcely refrain from regarding her in the same light

as if she were still the careless school-girl of years gone by.

With the attractions which we have rather hinted at than described, the reader will not doubt that suitors for Marie's hand were not wanting. She encouraged none, though she treated all with kindness and consideration.

"I am not old enough to marry," she would remark, gaily. "Besides, what would my father do without me? I must stay with him, and endeavor to repay by my attention to his comfort, the many obligations under which he has placed me."

In his business affairs M. Firal went on with a steady flow of prosperity. No bank was more accredited among business men than his; no banker was more trusted.

But who can calculate with certainty on the fluctuating current of worldly success? A time of financial difficulty succeeded, and the failure of several banks doing a large amount of business excited a feeling of distrust in this class of institutions. Those who had made deposits, in their alarm barricaded the doors of M. Firal's bank, and insisted upon withdrawing them. The panic was so sudden in its origin, having sprung up, so to speak, in a single night, that M. Firal had no time to make preparation for it.

It was with an anxious countenance that he met his daughter at dinner.

"If this pressure continues," he remarked, "the bank will be ruined. If they would wait but a day, something might be done. But the mere mention of such a thing seems to heighten their distrust, and make them all the more anxious to withdraw."

"Keep up a good heart, father," said Marie, "depend upon it, it will all turn out for the best. Perhaps even now, affairs have taken a favorable turn."

M. Firal shook his head despondingly. He found it difficult to become a convert to his daughter's cheerful philosophy.

On reaching the office he was told that two gentlemen wished to see him. "Doubtless," thought he, "they, too, wish to withdraw deposits," and with a sigh, he ordered the visitors to be admitted.

They were young men; one apparently had scarcely attained his majority.

"This is M. Jones," inquired the elder.

"You are right, sir."

"I understand there is a run upon your bank," he proceeded.

"If you have any deposits which you wish to withdraw," remarked M. Firal, somewhat nervously.

"On the contrary, sir, we, that is, my brother and I, would like to make a deposit, if it would tend in any way to lighten your pressure. Would fifty thousand francs be of service in that way?"

"Gentlemen, with that assistance, I should be able to carry matters through. It would do without, if deposited, would grant a single day's delay. But to what am I indebted for such a signal service from entire strangers, for such I believe you are?"

The young man drew from his vest-pocket a gold locket.

"Does not this call for your recollection?" he inquired.

M. Firal confessed that it did not.

"Several years ago," continued the young man, "a boy played on a hurdy-gurdy before your residence. He was invited in, supplied with a warm breakfast, and when he withdrew, it was with a number of coins, of which this was one. Having now a little capital, he purchased the interest of a small fruit-stall, which he conducted successfully for some months. This gave him an increase of capital, which enabled him after a while to lay in a small stock of goods, and set up as a travelling merchant. Gradually he extended his business, and associated his youngest brother with him. It was only a few days since that he encountered this little coin, which has been the origin of his good fortune. He recognized it by this inscription, 'M. E. to J.' which he scrawled upon it rather with the desire than the expectation of finding it once more. Need I say more? I am Jean, the recipient of your generosity. I cannot better employ the moderate wealth with which Fortune has gifted me than serving my benefactor."

Jean stepped forward and deposited in M. Firal's hand the amount which he had offered to deposit.

M. Firal congratulated him warmly on his success, and invited the brothers to return with him to the evening meal.

"It will not be the first time," he remarked gaily to Jean, "that you have taken food in my house."

I feel that it is unnecessary for me to proceed farther. The reader will divine that Marie's scruples against marriage were not insurmountable, and that in her hand Jean received from M. Firal a gift, far more precious than the Twenty Franc Piece.

### TRIBUTE TO THE PRESS.

Who has ever met with a more eloquent expression than the following to the press? "When Tamerlane had built up his pyramids of human skulls, he was standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts fled out to new victories and carnage, the pale-faced Tamerlane had received that he had won his death-throes for having so despised the possession of the earth, and the sun had set in gloomy darkness setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be that of that very galla-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins in the garden of his house, and, as he was passing, the Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotten; and that the German army has wrought what is even more abominable than itself, and has continued to expand itself, throughout all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of captains from Waller to penitentiaries, from Napoleon Bonaparte, with these mimic types of Johannes Faust?" — *Foreign Review.*

The capacity of sorrows belongs to our grandeur; and the lotions of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.—Henry Giles.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### LINES TO AN OLD HARP.

BY JAMES T. LAYMER.

Hold it by the strings, sweet harp,  
And stringly sleep thy rest;  
For slender that has crept thee, is perished,  
And mingled its form with the dust.

Nevermore shall those fairy-like fingers,  
With magical skill, and sweet lute,  
Touch chords in thy bosom, where lighter  
The spirit of music no more!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

### WHY the Bachelor did not Marry.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

My bachelor friend thus answers the query, "Why do you not marry, Mr. Twist?"

"A lady and her daughter boarded with me in my next new home. She was a beautiful widow of suitable age and qualifications to make me a wife. But did you never notice the fact that a bachelor always pleases his fancy with the *chicken*, instead of the *parent bird*?

"Yet I had enough to know that it was only looking upon vacancy. She was so beautiful, that I soon fancied her little short of an angel—she had raven tresses and liquid eyes, and a sweet mixture of the rose and lily blended in her countenance, and altogether she became to me an object of tender regard.

"I longed to hear her voice, for I fancied it was all sweet, and I knew her manner were of that dignified, yet graceful air, which indicated her well-born or gentle, as you would have me express it. One day I had the irreducible desire to ascertain the name within the vestibule enclosure, and was not greatly relieved to find it 'S. Jones.'

"I flew to my directory, but I did not know my little beauty would never cold? In this way, my mirror reflected me as looking young for one of my age—but there were some wrinkles in my forehead, some crow's feet under my eyes, and a kind of unmistakable placard upon my cheeks, which made everybody place me at about half a century in age.

"The bad spot upon my crown was relieved by a scratch, although my hair barbers assured me it was a dangerous experiment, if I ever purpose to be married; for the 'Mrs. Cauldron' invariably pulled them so, that he was obliged to re-arrange them every few days. But did I not know my little beauty would never cold? In this way, my mirror reflected me as looking young for one of my age—but there were some wrinkles in my forehead, some crow's feet under my eyes, and a kind of unmistakable placard upon my cheeks, which made everybody place me at about half a century in age.

"In a short time, however, my dulcines accepted a diamond ring, and I was the happiest of mortals. Unfortunately, however, our apartments adjoined each other, and I thought, but hoped I was mistaken, that the silvery tone of my fair one's voice sounded harshly through the key-hole. A spicie of jealousy being left in my composition, made me descend to the meanness of listening, a thing I despised, but practised.

"There was a hash, and I plainly heard, 'I care not a great for the old diamond ring—marry him yourself if you want him, but I'm determined on engaging myself to Harry Hunter, money or no money!' In vain the mother pleaded. 'I don't care for his wealth, if he gave me a diamond robe, and placed me in a palace, he would be the same old man still; and I won't throw myself away!'

"I grew dizzy—and where is my happiness pledged and to whom, with a rushing force upon me. I saw myself doped and terribly imposed upon. I would not marry a plaything—a mere waxen image, and yet when I said something like it to the mother, do you believe she spoke of the sacred nature of a contract, and even named about my liability for a 'breach of promise'?"

"How I settled the matter is best known to myself, but allow me to add, since then, I have never picked myself to the fascination of woman! What if my wardrobe requires the expert fingers of a skilful seamstress to repair it? Waves never sow now-days, I am told; they only do fancy work, and our domestic establishment is entitled to a seamstress, for it is absolutely vulgar to be seen repairing. What if my waistbands always iron down to prevent a shabby look, and this is which I am told is still put out after marriage. Now pray tell me, how much better off is a married man than a bachelor?"

"Some one for a companion is always beside you, to secure this folly!" At the last concert, the public lecture, the opera or the brilliant party, and how much of domestic comfort do we thus secure?"

"Now if I had not seen a fashionable young lady quite herself for such excess, I should not thus prejudge the case—but a set of 'Honiton lace' for one appears to take up much cash as would keep me in Antibes all winter, and an embroidered bachelordress would cost as much as a broadcloth overcoat. Besides, it would all minister to vanity and great vexation of spirit, and I am afraid to try the experiment."

"If I could find a good common sense individual, such as my Aunt Esther, who could talk upon law, politics or fashion, and always be agreeable, who like her could earn a stocking, cook a steak, or make a pudding, who could laugh and cry just to suit the occasion, think you I would remain a bachelor?"

And now, my fair friends, you have the secret why one old bachelor never got married,—and I leave you to answer whether it be the fault of himself or yourselves?

### RUSSIAN RECRUITS.

The Russian authorities ascertain by a register kept by the priesthood, how many youths there are in the towns from twelve to twenty years of age, and in the villages from five to twenty, with four, the oldest being left at home. A party of soldiers surround the house or school in which the youths are, and then take them away by main force, at only a few minutes notice, leaving them no time to say farewell to their parents.

In one particular case, two youths, one twelve and the other fourteen years of age were kidnapped in the town of Kostroma, and the guard-marshal, who was in command of the troops, where they were stopping on a visit, and perhaps the poor fellows may never see their home again. An army raised in this cruel and abominable way cannot be annihilated with much force, for its command or staff for service is a numerous flag under which it is compelled to fight, and be ready to yield at any time to a generous enemy.—*European Journal*.

# The Flag of our Union.

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

"The terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION are \$200 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always in arrears, and the amount of money due is to be paid in arrears on the last page."

"All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to FREDERICK GLEASON, M.D., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid."

### CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

First chapters of a new novelistic sketch, "Ivan, the Serv," in which Ivan the Terrible and the Christian, "of Moscow," are the chief characters; "Cleopatra," a sketch by D. J. H. KIRKWOOD.

"The Blue Stockings," a sketch by Mrs. E. WADDELL.

"The Wedding Story," by MARY LUCILLE ORKE.

"The Rubinstein," a German story, by STEPHEN COEN.

"The Double Shipwreck," or, "The Queen's Cave," a story by LEWIS E. CURTIS HINE.

"The Vanishing of the White Lines," by JEANETTE DE BAKER.

"The Rain of Spring," verse by T. D. WILSON.

"The Eight Mouths of Love," lines, by MARY H. T. ELDERIDGE.

"Night," verse, by LOUIS A. ROSEN.

"Spring," lines, by BESSIE R. PARKE.

"Soliitute," verse, by JOHN W. SPEAR.

"The Season," lines, by JAMES R. LAWRENCE.

### ARTICLES DECLINED.

"A Supplication," "Pale Colors," "Mortality," "Early Friends," "The Iron Horse," "Invitation to Spring," "Sunrise," "Borrowed Faun," "Tom and I."

### RIDING ON HORSEBACK.

An eminent philosopher being asked for a prescription that would prevent "all the ill that flesh is heir to," answered, "without hesitation, 'live in the saddle.' Equestrian exercise is the best, perhaps, that can be taken; no other so completely withdraws the mind from cares and pre-occupations; no one is so exhilarating. 'The sight of a spur,' says the author of Vivian Gray, 'is enough to deter a man from committing suicide.' Of late years a taste for this exercise has been revived among us, and the establishment of excellent schools for riding, has enabled even ladies to enjoy it during the winter. But the season is now rapidly approaching when the country roads will be covered; when the circus doors will be thrown open, and the smell of the open fields be substituted for their power.

### AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The political aspect of Europe at the present time is the theme uppermost in every one's mouth, but it is very difficult to say what turn or course matters will take. Whether the great Northern Bear will gather together his entire strength and absolutely fight out his quarrel, or whether he will cool down his ire, and after a little more fighting creep through some diplomatic hole and suddenly sue for peace, remains to be seen. If Russia was a maritime power, France and England would "whip her all to pieces" in less than no time on the ocean, but the fact is the latter powers have got to find the Russians, and on their own ground, before they can fight them.

In the mean time, there are some aspects in the present contest of power, not to be lost sight of in contemplating the great main features of the business. We refer to the presence of large numbers of men throughout the nations of continental Europe, holding radical republican views, who are supposed to be waiting for a favorable moment to strike a blow of despotism; this adds an interesting feature to the entangled web of affairs. There are Hungarians, Poles, and even exiled Russians, who have registered oaths to seize upon the first favorable opportunity to either witness the humbling of Nicholas's pride, or to shed their best blood in the attempt. And these are not idle threats, but vows registered by brave and able men.

There are two men, Kossoff and Mazini, who will yet turn up somewhere in this great game playing between the nations, and where they do appear they will make themselves felt in the glorious cause of liberty. Either Russia or Austria would willingly sacrifice twenty thousand troops to capture these great apostles and champions of liberty, but God will protect and speed them on in the course they have so nobly espoused, and tyranny shall yet tremble before their power.

### SAN FRANCISCO.

The following is an interesting statement of facts respecting San Francisco.—The population has increased about 8000 during the past year, and it now numbers about 50,000. The members of the bar already number about two hundred. There are ten schools, with 1250 scholars. Churches eighteen, and church-members about 8000. Of newspapers, there are twelve daily, two tri-weeklies, six weeklies, one commercial, one French, and one Sunday paper. The fire department consists of fourteen companies, with twelve engines and three hook and ladder trucks. There are two government hospitals, one hospital in course of erection by a benevolent society, and an almshouse, all having together about 600 patients. The property in the city is estimated to value about \$40,000,000; the total imports are more than \$35,000,000, or an average of more than \$100 for every person in the State. The freights to vessels coming in to port during the year were \$11,752,084, and the revenue collected at the custom house were \$2,581,975. The only exports worthy of notice were about \$60,000,000 of gold dust, and 18,800 flasks of quicksilver, valued at \$683,185. The persons arriving at the port were 35,000, and those leaving were about 30,000. There were about 1,000,000 of letters sent during the year to foreign and Atlantic ports. The arrivals for the year were 1028 vessels of 558,755 tons, and the departures were 1633 vessels of 640,975 tons.

### REMOVAL.

Owing to the great increase of our business in New York, Samuel French, Esq., our agent for that city, has found it necessary to remove from his old quarters to the splendid marble building just erected at No. 121 Nassau Street, one of the finest and most commodious stores in New York.

Mr. French alone receives regular calls each week from this establishment, thirty-three thousand "Pictorial" and twenty-four thousand "Flag."

The public will find him the same courteous and gentlemanly person to deal with whom they have so long and favorably known—and that the change of his place of business will afford increased facilities and conveniences to all parties.

**BREAD.**—The prices of breadstuffs will probably be at lower figures in a few weeks. All the Western farmers have pressed their grain to the points for exportation, as soon as the spring shall open, and never before were the storehouses so full. A few warm days to clear the lakes, rivers and canals, and the abundance of wheat will pour upon us.

**TERRIFIC FALL!**—Two men, named James Blair and Charles Sergeant, recently fell by the scaffolding attached to the suspension bridge across Niagara river, two hundred and forty feet to the water, and were instantly killed. Two others saved themselves by catching hold of the cables.

**LONDON.**—The mortality among the London missionaries is as great as it is among those in foreign countries; and there are some districts of the metropolis so fatal to the missionaries, that it has become a question with the society whether it has the right to send men into them.

**LONG WHILE I—**Professor Agassiz, in his lecture before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, says that the human race existed on the globe a hundred and fifty thousand years ago. This he proves to his own satisfaction.

**A POINT OF LAW.**—A suit to recover \$1800 damages from a steamboat owner, for carrying more passengers than allowed by law, is pending at St. Louis.

**SILVER.**—It is estimated the production of the silver mines for 1854 will reach \$25,000,000. This is said to be an increase over last year.

**GOOD MANAGEMENT.**—The Mississippi Penitentiary yields a profit of \$100,000.

**QUERY FOR CONGRESS.**—When a senator "takes the floor" whither does he take it?

### EDITORIAL INKDRIPS.

The exclusion of bran from flour is a loss of nourishment to the consumer.

There are on earth, 1,000,000,000 inhabitants;

of these, 33,333,333 live every year.

The fellow who was "out of all character,"

has ordered a fresh supply.

There is considerable complaint in different

quarters of short weight in flour.

Madame Anna Thillon made \$9000 the first

week of her engagement in San Francisco.

Men make their chief sacrifices to love before

they marry; women (poor creatures) after.

The Eastern Pa. Whig nominates Abbot Law-

rence for the Presidency, in 1856.

Good intentions, like the waxen wings of Icar-

us, melt with the morning sun.

Rosinei has purchased a beautiful country-seat

near Florence.

The liquor agencies in Danvers have paid

\$108,000 profits since the law went into operation.

One hundred and fifty newspapers are pub-

lished in Illinois.

Seven hundred thousand children attend

school in the six New England States.

The new Bible House in New York, cost, in-

cluding the lot, \$303,000.

Mrs. Mary Richardson died at East Medway,

the other day, aged ninety-nine.

The city of Paris is supplied with twenty-two

million gallons of water.

Lucy Stone has been preaching to the good

people of Bangor, Me.

Robert Ford shot himself in a fit of delirium

tremens in Baltimore, the other day.

Another campagne murder has occurred in

Hartford. Take warning!

In Demerara, there are many "Ees," who wears

shoes and stockings. Comfortable.

Miss Davenport has been playing in Wash-

ington with distinguished success.

Boston is about to adopt the Cincinnati steam

fire-engine. A good idea.

### A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

The Erie Weekly Observer has the following:

Do you think, reader, you could manage to live

—to keep soul and body together—on the pa-

pittance of three cents a day? Doubtful! And

yet, within a stone's throw of our office—right

in the busiest part of the city—during all this

cold weather, a widow and her little girl have

managed to live upon this pauper sum, earned by

selling shoes at five cents a pair. The distant

reader will want to know if we are Christians

here. Certainly,—and as an evidence of it, the

moment this case became known, that association

of "good fellows," the "Hippodrome,"

raised a purse, and on Thursday, made the

widow's heart glad, by "dumping" down at her

door a load of flour, meat, groceries, wool, and

other necessaries and luxuries unknown to her

during all this bleak and severe winter. Who

shall say that such acts are not recorded above,

whether performed in the name of the "Hip-

podrome" or "the more fashionable name of "Be-

nevolent Society"?

### WESTERN RAILROADS.

Chicago seems to be a favorite point of rail-

road communication and connection. It has

fourteen trunk lines of railroad, and thirty-four

extension branch lines communicating with it, embracing an extent of 7777 miles of railroad.

In addition to this, there are ten trunk lines, and

three branches, making 1636 miles more. There

will be daily leaving and entering the city of

Chicago on the first of May next, forty-six trains,

making in all ninety-two trains per day over the

roads, to accommodate travel and commerce.

The persons arriving at the port were 35,000, and

those leaving were about 30,000. There were

about 1,000,000 of letters sent during the year

to foreign and Atlantic ports. The arrivals for

the year were 1028 vessels of 558,755 tons, and

the departures were 1633 vessels of 640,975 tons.

### THREE-MASTED SHIPS.

A Pensacola correspondent says that the

fact that we have three-masted sailing ships that were

ever built, none were fortunate. The first was

the Columbus, built in British North America,

and she was the only one that performed a

passage. After her arrival in London, about

the year 1824, she was sent back to Canada, and

on her passage out was lost in the Bay of Biscay.

The next was the Baron of Renfrew, a larger one.

She was lost on her first passage at Gravelines, on the coast of France, and the last is the unfortunate Great Republic, whose

career was still shorter.

### RATHER STRINGENT.

A proposition has been brought before the New York Legislature

to make it a penal offence for a boy to go to a

theatre or circus. It is proposed that all the

places of amusement in New York city be licensed

by the mayor, and that for any male or female

person who visits such places, under sixteen years

of age, without permission of parent or guardian,

a fine of twenty-five dollars shall be im-

posed upon the offending place of amusement,

which money shall be paid over to the New York

Juvenile Asylum.

### A MONUMENT TO HORA BALLOU.

The committee to whom this matter was entrusted,

have appointed the first Sunday in May, as the

day on which shall be a simultaneous col-

lection taken up in the Universalist churches

throughout the country, for the purpose of erect-

ing an imposing monument over the last resting

place of this distinguished man at Mount Auburn.

### THE HEIGHT OF INCONVENIENCE.

There is a man, somewhere in America, who is

so tall that he is obliged to run up a ladder every time

he brushes his hair.

### POINT OF LAW.

A suit to recover \$1800 damages from an

steamboat owner, for carrying more passengers

than allowed by law, is pending at St. Louis.

### SILVER.

It is estimated the production of the

silver mines for 1854 will reach \$25,000,000.

This is said to be an increase over last year.

### GOOD MANAGEMENT.

The Mississippi Penitentiary yields a profit of \$100,000.

### QUERY FOR CONGRESS.

When a senator "takes the floor" whither does he take it?

### GOVERNMENT.

—When a senator "takes the floor" whither does he take it?

### FOR CONGRESS.

—When a senator "takes the floor" whither does he take it?

### GOOD MANAGEMENT.

—The Mississippi Penitentiary yields a profit of \$100,000.

### FAIR DAY.

In Connecticut, the Governor has appointed

Friday, the 17th day of April, to be observed as

a day of fasting and prayer.

### GIBSON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embrace the following contents:

"As we forgive our Debtors," a story, by T. S. AS-

HWELL; "The Elephant Hunt in Sumatra," a sketch, by ANNIE T. WOODWARD; "Little by Little," a sketch, by BARBARA N. HATHAWAY; "Stories of Gods and Goddesses," No. 5, by THOMAS

"The Broken Bush," a story, by C. F. FALES; "Prayers," a poem, by MARINA R. B. WALDE;

"To the Spirit of Love," a poem, by JOSEPH H. BUR-

LER.

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give in this number a portrait of the venerable Na-

thaniel Bowditch, surrounded by various medical and

mathematical instruments, indicating his genius and labors.

Also, an exhibition of the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instruments.

And an engraving representing the "Newell Lamp,"

in the Crystal Palace.

Also, Brown & Co.'s Double Action Harp, at the Crys-

tal Palace.

W. Baker & Co.'s exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

Henry Milward & Son's Crystal Palace exhibition.

Also, a collection of the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

ments.

Also, an engraving representing the "Newell Lamp,"

in the Crystal Palace.

Also, Brown & Co.'s Double Action Harp, at the Crys-

tal Palace.

Also, Brown & Co.'s exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

Also, an engraving representing the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

ments.

Also, an engraving representing the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

ments.

Also, an engraving representing the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

ments.

Also, an engraving representing the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

ments.

Also, an engraving representing the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

ments.

Also, an engraving representing the "Violin," giving a view of its

construction and improvement into stringed instru-

# The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]  
PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

BY S. W. HASSLETON.

When the brilliant sun is shining  
Over the land, and all the world  
With his many rays are dancing  
O'er the earth, we do see not  
Worlds and systems brightly gleaming,  
Twinkling in the distant blue;  
But when day no more is beaming,  
Heaven's more beautiful to view.

When the sunshine faulds slowly  
In the darkness of the night,  
Heaven is many times more lovely,  
Gleamed with worlds that sparkle bright.

Thus with life; when joy and gladness  
Shines upon our mind and heart;  
When no day or care and sadness  
In life's drama bear a part:

We're forgetful of the treasure  
Heaven upon us bestowes;  
And think only of the pleasure  
We may have before us!

But when storms of pain and sorrow  
Darkly shroud enjoyment's light,  
When despair hangs o'er the morrow,  
And the earth seems black as night:

Then we are here earthly visitors,  
To the found of heavenly bliss;  
And the soul looks from its prison  
To a brighter world than this!

Think of this; how oft in kindness,  
God makes us to taste pain;  
When our souls are lost in blindness,  
To turn us to Heaven again!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE SIGNET:

—OR—

## THE TWO WARDS.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

BY AUSTIN G. BURDICK.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE LOVERS.

It was on a sunny afternoon in early autumn. The shadows of the trees were stretching towards the east, and a cool, refreshing breeze was coming up from the distant sea. Upon a gentle eminence where the road wound over a sloping hillside, stood a young girl. She had seen her sixteenth year of life, and each year, as it had passed, had surely left some new stamp of beauty upon her form and features; for she was very beautiful, and she carried her beauty very modestly, too—like one who looked more to the brightness of that gem which lies within the soul, than to the outer form of the mortal casket. Yet she did not look altogether happy as she stood there by the roadside, nor did she look really unhappy. There was a sort of eager, wistful expression upon her countenance, and then below, deeper down among the more permanent feelings, there seemed to be some lack of joy, if one might judge by the shadows that lay upon her white brow. Her garb was of a fashion and material to indicate that she walked in the upper circle of pecuniary life, and if she labored, it was only for the promotion of her own health.

From where the maiden stood, she could look down upon one hand and see the tops of the houses where a thriving village peeped out from among the luxuriant trees, and upon the other hand she could see where the road swept away into a thick wood. It was towards this wood that her attention was directed, and after she had walked to and fro across the road some dozen times, she sat down upon a mossy bank by the wayside, and plucked little sprigs of evergreen which grew about the spot. She had not sat there long, however, before the sound of heavy wheels came up from the wood, and shortly afterwards a stagecoach appeared in sight. The girl started to her feet when she saw this, and as her small white hands were clasped upon her bosom, she trembled with some wild emotion.

Slowly came the heavy coach up the hill, and once the girl seemed half inclined to flee from the post she had assumed, but with a strong effort she quelled the most palpable of her emotions, and waited for the coach to come up. Among the passengers who sat upon the outside of the stage, was one who wore the garb of a sailor. He was a young man, not more than eighteen years of age—with dark, aburn hair, which hung in glossy curls about his neck and temples—with bright blue eyes, and with a countenance full of many beauty, and the light of a noble, generous soul. When the coach topped the hill, the young sailor espied the maiden, and with a quick bound he caught the arm of the driver.

"Just leave to, here, my hearty," he cried. "I'll get out, and you may land my luggage at the tavern. D'ye understand?"

The coachman understood very well, for he stopped his horses, and as soon as his passenger had alighted, he whipped up again.

"Cora," uttered the youth, springing towards the girl and extending both his hands—"Cora, I know I am not mistaken."

"No, Louis," replied the girl, with a beaming eye, as she received the young man's embrace.

"And so you came out to meet me. You heard of my arrival!"

"Yes, our guardian told me you would be here to-night. He received a letter from you," answered the fair girl.

"Yes, I wrote to him as soon as our ship got in. And now how is Robert Varney going to receive me?"

The girl trembled, and did not immediately answer.

"Do not fear to tell me, Cora," continued the youth, "for I owe Robert Varney nothing, and he cannot longer hold my destiny in his hands. When he sent me to sea, he opened the way to me for a life of my own. O, Cora, I love the wild life of the ocean, and be the night ever so dark, and the storm ever so fierce, I only need

to dream of thes, to make me happy. Do not fear to tell me of our guardian."

The girl leaned her head upon her companion's bosom and enivined her arms about him. That movement told all her love, and for a few moments the youth seemed to forget the question he had asked.

Between Louis Stanton and Cora Lamson there was no blood relation, but yet the circumstance of marriage had brought them very near together and in this wise:—When Cora was yet an infant, she lost both her parents, and was taken in charge by her mother's brother, whose name was Lamson Varney. Shortly after Varney had thus assumed the guardianship of his infant niece, he married a young maiden by the name of Stanton; said widow bearing a son—a boy only two years old, named Louis. Lamson Varney never had any children of his own, but he gave a father's love to the little early-headed boy whom his wife had brought with her, and to the sweet child of his dead sister. When Louis was five years old his mother died, and in less than one year after that his kind step-father slept his last earthly sleep; but before Mr. Varney died, he gave the two children to his brother's charge. This brother's name was Robert. He was a childless widower when he took the two children as wards. Of course both Louis and Cora were too young to retain a memory of the circumstances attending the transaction. They could only remember the kind faces of those who were dead, and how they wept when Uncle Robert took them home to his own house.

Years passed away, and though the children ceased to mourn for the dead, they did not learn to love their new guardian. They learned to obey him, and in a measure to respect him, but he governed them more through fear than through any love he could inspire. They knew, too, that when they had been with Robert Varney a few months, he moved to a great distance from their former home, so that they could no longer go out in the warm spring time and plant flowers—upon the graves they loved to visit. But early childhood passed away, and with it went much of the sorrow for those who were gone. Louis and Cora loved each other more and more with every coming year, but at length even this joy was clouded. When the boy was fourteen years of age, his guardian sent him to sea.

"You are old enough to begin to earn your own livelihood," said Robert Varney, when he had made up his mind to turn Louis out upon his own resources. "To be sure I have some money, but that is no reason why you should live in idleness. I have kept you thus far, but now you must learn to keep yourself." The boy was stung by this, but he made no objections. He chose to be a sailor, and his guardian obtained him a situation on board an Indianman. He made Cora promise that she would always pray for him, and then he surrendered his bundle and left the house. Four years have passed away since then. Twice have Louis and Cora met, and at their last meeting they made a new pledge of love. And now they meet again, here on the hill, and Cora's head is nestled upon the bosom of the only being on earth who can claim her undivided love; for she loves Louis Stanton with the whole ardor of her pure soul, and she knows that his heart is all her own in return.

"Fear not to tell me, Cora," urged the youth, "for I owe Robert Varney nothing. How does he mean to receive me?"

"Not kindly, Louis—not kindly, I am sure," murmured Cora, gazing up into her companion's face; "and for that reason did I come to meet you."

"To prepare me for the reception I am to meet," added Louis, kissing the fair girl as he spoke. "Well, well, I shall not mind much mind it. So long as I have your love, what shall I fear? and I know that Robert Varney cannot wrench your heart from me."

"No,—indeed he cannot. O, while I live, Louis, my love shall all be yours."

"I know it—I know it. But come, we will go and see Mr. Varney nevertheless. I don't need his love, and I sha'n't ask it. Come, Cora, I shall stay with you a few days, and during that time we must make the most of our hearts. We will live over again all the joys of the past, and make hopes for the future. Perhaps the next time I come, I shall not leave you again."

So the maiden placed her arm within that of her companion, and then they started towards the village that lay at the foot of the hill.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE GUARDIAN.

Robert Varney was a stout, middle-aged man, and whatever may have been his claims to personal beauty, he certainly carried the stamp of a cold, hard heart in his face. He showed it in his strongly marked nether lip, in his strange, sharp eye, and in his broad, deep-set, heavy, icy brow.

"And so you're come back once more!" he said, as Louis Stanton entered the room where he sat. He did not offer his hand, nor did he move from his seat.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, not at all surprised at the man's manner, but yet somewhat moved by it. "I have no relative on earth save such as may be beneath this roof, and I often look towards this spot when my feet first touch the shore of my native land."

"Indeed, my young sir," coolly remarked Varney, with a slightly elevated eyebrow. "I was not aware that you had any relations here."

Young Stanton stared at those words, and at the tone in which they were spoken. He thought they had a mocking sound. At any rate he saw at a glance that he was no welcome visitor, and in his proud heart he resolved that he would cut his visit as short as possible. It was strange that his quondam guardian should meet him after an absence of over a year, but he did not mistrust the true cause. He only knew that Robert Varney would be rid of him, and he was justly indignant; but had he known why this

was so, he might have had some deeper emotion, to lacerate his feelings.

"You must not think, sir," resumed Varney, "that because chance happened to throw you and my niece together in childhood, that you are thereby related; nor must you think that because my brother chanced to make a wife of your widowed mother, you are thus in any way related to me. To be sure, I became your guardian at my brother's dying request, but it was only that I might furnish you with some means by which you could gain a livelihood. I have done that, and there my guardianship ended."

"Mr. Varney," said Louis, with a flushed cheek and a flashing eye, "your brother was my uncle's husband, and though I was not the child of his own flesh, yet my memory of early childhood is fresh enough to tell me that he loves me well. But I claim no love of you, sir, and you may be assured that I shall make my visit short."

"Let there be one more promise, sir, and you will meet my wishes exactly. Let it be your last."

Mr. Varney said this in a biting tone, and Louis fancied that he had spoken so because he was angry—because he did not like the remarks that had been made. The young man would have said more, but he was too deeply moved to trust his tongue with speech, so he was wise enough to remain silent.

"You must be hungry, sir," said Varney, calmly and coldly.

Louis turned and left the room, and when he was once more alone he could weep with vexation, only he was too proud. His soul was stung with a bitter passion, and it required a long walk in the open air to calm him again.

It was late in the evening when Louis next met with Cora. He told her the result of the interview between himself and Robert Varney, and she began to weep. This had the effect of bringing strength back to the youth's soul, and he sat down and spoke words of cheer and comfort. It was not long before the maiden forgot her cause of grief. She reclined upon the bosom of her lover, and she felt more happy than she had felt before for more than a year. Again she heard words of love that she knew were pure, and again she felt the beating of a heart that she knew was truly her own. Again and again did they pledge eternal fidelity, and they talked and felt as though they held the future in their hands, and could mould it as they wished. They were happy then, for their love was so bright that they saw nothing of trouble or pain. But it grew late, and at length the hour of parting came—the hour for the bidding of good-night, and the promise of more joy on the morrow.

"To-morrow," said Cora, before they separated, "you must see poor Wonley. He is very ill. I fear I should go and see him, but my uncle has forbid it."

"Of course I will see him. But do you think he would know me?"

"I cannot tell. The last time I was there he seemed to know me, and I thought my presence afforded him some comfort; but I do not know if he realized anything save that my face was friendly and familiar."

"Well, I shall surely see him. His is a face that I shall ever call to mind with happy childhood; for he was one who was kind to me in childhood."

## CHAPTER III.

### A REVELATION.

On the next morning Louis Stanton started to visit the village porchouse. It was in a quiet, secluded spot, where the poverty and unhappiness of the inmates could be but little seen by the world. When Louis reached the keeper's ledge, he asked if he could see Stark Wonley.

"Yes, of course," returned the man who had charge of the entrance in the keeper's absence. "You are young Stanton, if I am not mistaken."

"Louis answered in the affirmative.

"Wonley would be glad to see you," resumed the man. "Poor fellow!" he added, as he stepped out from the little gate-house and led the way towards the main building. "I don't believe he'll stay much longer in this place. He's sinking fast."

"He is very sick," said Louis.

"No, not exactly sick, but he's been sort of wearing out." And then the guide went on to explain the peculiarities of the man's disease.

At length the youth was ushered into a small room, in one corner of which was a bed. Upon this bed was the form of a man—a man who had passed the meridian of life, and who was shrunk away almost to a skeleton. By the side of the couch sat the keeper, and upon a small table near at hand, were a variety of medicated drinks.

This man was Stark Wonley. He had in youth been a servant in the Varney family, and afterwards when Lamson Varney went into business, he entered the service of that individual. When Lamson married Louis Stanton's mother, Wonley still remained with him, and he was with him, too, when he died. Then he went to live with Robert Varney, thus remaining near Louis and Cora, to whom he was ever kind, and by whom he was much beloved. He had been with Robert about five years, when he received an injury that resulted in insanity, and he was sent to the poor-house, where he had remained ever since, Robert Varney seeming to care but little about him.

"Ah, Louis Stanton," uttered the keeper, as he recognized the visitor.

Stark Wonley started and raised himself upon his fingers. His large, sunken eyes rolled heavily in their sockets, and at length he saw the youth.

"Louis Stanton," he murmured, while a flush of gratification passed over his pale countenance.

"Louis, you have come to see me once more. You are not forgotten me. You remain a member poor old Stark."

"He does know me," said the youth, half to himself, as he moved forward to grasp the emaciated hand, which was thrust towards him.

"Yes," returned the keeper. "Since this last

weak spell has come upon him, he seems to have been regaining his reason."

Louis sat down by the bedside, and as he conversed with the invalid, he found that his reason had indeed come back to him. For half an hour the youth talked, and Wonley listened happily in his company; or if he was unhappy, it was only when alluding to the neglect of Robert Varney. As length Wonley closed his eyes and remained for some moments in deep thought. It was a sort of painful, laboring thought, for his countenance showed a plainly thoughtful expression.

When he again opened his eyes, there was an intelligent look upon his face, and he reached forth and again took the youth by the hand.

"Louis," he said, "you have got your father's signet!"

"My father's signet! I knew not that he ever had one," returned the youth, somewhat startled by the abrupt manner in which the question had been put to him.

"I made the signet that belonged to your step-father—to Lamson Varney. Ah, Louis, he loved you as though you had been his own child. But you have got the signet?"

"No, I have never seen any such."

"Then Robert Varney must have it. But it's yours, Louis, and you should have it," said the old man.

Louis was puzzled. He remembered to have seen his guardian wear a large ring upon his finger on one or two occasions—a heavy gold ring—and he wondered if that were the article which Wonley referred.

"It was a heavy gold ring," resumed Wonley, "and it had a broad signet, with a helmet supported by two cross swords, and underneath were the initials of his name. I was at Lamson's bedside when he died, and I heard him tell Robert to give that signet to you as soon as you were old enough to take care of it, and Robert promised to do it. You had better get it if you can, for it belongs to you, and should serve to put you in mind of one who was a kind father to you. It is strange, but yet I always thought that Robert meant to keep that signet. But he must give it to you. If you ask him, perhaps he will. You must have it, for I—"

Wonley had been growing weak, and the conversation seemed to fatigue him, for he abruptly stopped and closed his eyes.

"He is too weak to talk now," said the keeper.

"I see, I see," returned Louis. "I will go now, and perhaps to-morrow he will be stronger."

The youth arose from his seat, and would have left the room at once, but he heard Wonley whisper his name, and he turned towards the bed again.

"You said you would come to-morrow," the sick man said, speaking with the greatest difficulty.

"Yes, I'll come to-morrow."

"You must, for I have something of great importance to tell you. Be sure and come to-morrow, for I shall be stronger then. Come to-morrow, and I will give you light that you never dreamed of. Come."

Again Wonley sunk back upon his pillow, and at an imperative motion from the keeper, Louis left the room. The young man wondered much upon the subject that had thus been opened to him, and his thoughts were about equally divided between the thing that had been revealed to him and that which was to be known on the morrow.

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE DARK.

When the young man returned to the house of Robert Varney he found that that individual had left town, and would not return for several days. On one account, Louis was sorry for this. He wished to see Mr. Varney, and obtain the signet which he believed by right to be his; but as that gentleman was gone, he hastened to find Cora, and when he had found her he told her all he had heard from Stark Wonley.

"Now I know where that signet is," said Cora, after the first feelings of wonder had passed away. "I know where it is, and I remember of once hearing my uncle say that it was all which that your step-father left for you—and that perhaps he should some day give it to you. O Louis, I do not think it would be wrong for you to take it, for it is surely yours."

"I should at least like to get it and show it to Wonley," said the youth, thoughtfully. "There would surely be no harm in that."

Cora at once led the way to a little cabinet where she kept her own books and other affairs, and from a small drawer in her desk she took the ring. It was just such an one as Wonley had described, and showed signs of having been well worn.

"My uncle lent it to me to seal some letters with," she said, as she held the ring in her fingers, "and I have kept it ever since. You had better return it but I forgot it. You had better take it. If my uncle asks me for it, I will tell him that I gave it to you."

Louis did take the ring—and he slipped it upon his finger—but he had not made up his mind to keep it. His mind was only made up so far that he would keep it until he could get it to Wonley, and then—But he did not think what he should do after that.

But the ring was soon forgotten by the lovers, and ere long their souls were soaring away into the regions of joy which their bright hopes and fancies peopled for them.

On the next morning both Louis and Cora were startled by the appearance of Mr. Varney's carriage at the door. But Mr. Varney himself had not come. He had only sent a messenger after Cora. The messenger sent word that he was going on an unexpected visit, and he wanted his niece to accompany him. The order was an imperative one, and the messenger could only wait long enough for her to dress. Poor Cora knew that she must obey the summons, and she wept with sorrow and vexation.

"Go, go, dear girl," said Louis, "for I must return to-morrow at the farthest." He did not show all he felt, but he rather tried to cheer his sweet companion up.

Neither did Cora speak all she feared, for she thought that this movement on the part of her uncle only to separate her from Louis.

An hour later and Cora was gone. Louis stood and looked after the carriage as long as it was in sight, and then he turned back into the house. He had received every pledge from Cora that he could possibly have desired, but yet he felt uneasy. He knew that he should not see her again for a long time, and perhaps more, and that was to him a long while; but he tried to push his hope through the close of time and trust to distant future. The signet was still upon his finger, but he was not long in deciding to keep it, for already had it become a souvenir of one whom he had loved, and moreover it seemed to have a sort of magic spell upon his hopes.

Shortly after Cora had gone, our hero started on his promised visit to the poorhouse. He was somewhat anxious in this score, for he had entertained some wild surmises with regard to the communication Wonley had promised to make.

It was near noon when he reached the keeper's lodgings, but he found no one there. The gate was open, however, and he passed through into the yard. In the front entry of the main building was the keeper.

"Ah, my young friend," said the latter person, "you are too late!"

"Too late! What mean you?"

"Poor Wonley has seen the last of his troubles on earth."

"Dead!" uttered Louis, in a faltering voice.

"Yes. He died last night. I knew not when nor how. He went to sleep calmly, and so quietly did his spirit pass away, that his watcher knew not of it until morning. You may come and see him if you like."

Louis followed the keeper up to the little chamber, and there he saw all that was left on earth of his old friend. Those pale lips were closed forever, and they no longer had the power to tell the secret of the soul that had gone.

It was early in the day—a day of November—and the ship in which Louis sailed was off Pernambuco, on her passage home, having come around from the Pacific by the way of Cape Horn. The wind during the morning had been light and variable, and by ten o'clock it had entirely died away, leaving the ship in a dead calm. This state of things continued till noon, and at that time there were some signs of the wind's coming out from the eastward.

"If it does," said the captain, "with a look of concern upon his face, "we shall have a regular Pernambuco puff; so we may as well prepare for it."

And so they did prepare for it, by stripping the ship of all her canvas, and housing the topmasts. And they were now too soon, for ere long there came a dead, humid darkness over the sea, and in a few moments more the wild wind burst its bounds and came crashing down over the dark waters. The staysails were snapped from their bolt-rope, and the ship's deck was swept by a sea.

The ship was heavily laden, and two seas swelled her before her, before anything could be done. The only hope was to loosen the close-fall main-topsail, and get her before the wind, and even this hope was a faint one, for the coast was not more than thirty miles distant. The topsail, however, was loosened, and the sheets parted, and the sail was quickly snatched into ribbons.

The next movement was for the fore-topmast, and this they succeeded in sheeting home, and then they managed to get the ship before the wind. But this was not to avail them much, for the ship soon broached to with a heavy sea upon her quarter, and the man at the wheel cried out that the rudder was gone! In a few moments the vessel was in the trough of the sea, and as she labored frantically, the captain gave the order for cutting away the masts. All was now confusion. A few men seized the axes, and as soon as the ship was relieved of her tall masts, she became somewhat easier, but then was yet no safety. Sea after sea broke wildly over her, and the tempest roared with unabated fury.

At length there came a sea more mighty than any of its predecessors. It struck the ship upon the starboard-quarter and completely buried her in a roaring avalanche of water; she struggled up from the fearful giant's grasp, but desolation was upon her deck. The captain and more than half of the crew were gone!

Night came, and those who remained upon the deck of the ill-fated bark clung to the rails and prayed God to help them. It must have been near midnight when the benumbed men were startled by a roar that overtopped the voice of the tempest, and they knew that their doom was near at hand. They had expected this many hours before, for they knew that the shore had not been far distant, so they knew that the wind must have been sweeping them away to the southward.

Louis Stanton thought of his beloved Cora—he pronounced her name. Then he spoke the name of his God—and then, while yet the word trembled upon his lips, the crash came. He felt the shock—he knew that his bold was loosening

—he felt the water swallowing him up, and that has all.

# The Flag of our Union.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE SIGNET'S CHARM.

When Louis Stanton again opened his eyes with the light of reason, he was weak and faint. He found himself in a well-furnished apartment, and an old negro woman was sitting by his bedside.

"Where am I?" he asked, as soon as he could collect sense enough to speak.

"In a good place," said the woman, looking quickly up. She spoke with a strong Spanish accent.

"But where is it?"

"In Massa Bolton's house. Good place. You keep me, an' Massa Bolton be here 'fore great while."

Louis did not gain much intelligence from the negro, and he again closed his eyes. He could remember nothing since the shock of the wreck. He had a faint recollection of being hurried away by the rushing water, but nothing more. The negro commenced humming a quaint tune, and gradually our hero dropped asleep again. When next awoke, he found a man by his bedside, an old, kind-looking man, dressed in a neat, but costly garb.

"Well, well, my young friend, how do you now?" asked the old man, leaning towards the bed and taking the youth's hand.

"Very well, sir," returned Louis, regarding the watcher curiously.

"Would be a wonder if you didn't," said the old man, "for you've had a hard time of it. But cheer up, for you are on the safe hand now."

"And my shipmates?"

"Four besides yourself were saved—that's all we found."

"Are they here?"

"No at the hospital."

"And how long have I been here?"

"Just three weeks."

"So long as that!"

"Yes. I found you at the hospital and had you conveyed here. This is my house. But I suppose you don't know me?"

"No sir," said Louis, looking wonderingly at his interrogator.

"Did you ever hear the name of Bolton? Dr. John Bolton?"

"I think I remember the name, sir. I think I have heard that such a doctor attended my mother, and also my step-father, in their last sickness. But I have heard that he was lost at sea."

"Not quite," returned the doctor, with a smile. "He was lost about the same as you were—but he must have been found again, for I am the very man. I turned up here in Pernambuco, and receiving a good professional offer at the hospital, I made it home. I recognized you very curiously."

"Ah," said Louis, more surprised than ever. He had now comprehended that he had been more favored than his shipmates, and that this favor was the result of his having fallen in with one who knew him.

"Yes," resumed the doctor. "I was called upon to attend you at the hospital, and upon removing your clothing I observed a signet-ring suspended about your neck. The moment I cast my eyes upon the signet I knew it to be the one which belonged to my old friend, Lamson Varney, and which I heard him direct should be given to his little stepson. Of course I knew that you must be that child."

"Then the sigget has served me one good turn, at last."

"So it has. And now let me ask what you are doing at sea? Travelling for pleasure?"

"No sir. I am gaining an honest livelihood."

"An honest livelihood! What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I simply mean that I chose the profession of the sea. When I was fourteen years of age, Robert Varney told me that I was old enough to take care of myself, and since that time I have done so."

"But you do not mean that Robert Varney turned you away from his doors," said Bolton, with much earnestness.

"Yes sir."

"Is he not rich?"

"Yes, very rich."

"Then, by my soul, Mr. Robert Varney needs looking after," uttered the old doctor, vehemently. "But we will say no more of this now, for you are too weak. Walk over you are better, and then we will talk about it. Upon my soul, Mr. Robert Varney is a very wicked man."

## CHAPTER VII.

### CONCESSION.

In one of the large parlors of Robert Varney's mansion, sat two men. One was Mr. Varney, and the other was a little old man, with a sharp, peering countenance and a quick, gray eye. He answered to the name of Chester Bright, and was a lawyer by profession. There was something of the snake in his look.

"Of course, Mr. Varney, the master must be settled in this way," said Mr. Bright, with a despatchness that admitted of no dispute. "You remember our contract. The girl was to marry with my son, and was to be your heir."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Bright," returned Varney, showing a willingness to do anything to appease the man before him. "I have made the girl consent to the marriage. In fact, she cannot except it."

"Ah, that is as it should be. But let the girl come and answer for herself, for my son wished to be assured on this point."

Mr. Varney pulled the bell cord which hung near him, and in a few moments afterwards Cora entered the apartment. She trembled violently when she saw Mr. Bright, and with a deep sigh she sank into a seat. Two years had added much to her womanly beauty; but she looked not so boyish and happy as when we saw her last. In truth she had much to fear her miserable. During those whole two years, and if he had not heard a word from Louis Stanton, and if he had written to her she knew that her uncle had

intercepted and destroyed the letters. But now there was a darker cloud upon her. She was to be forced to marry with a man whom she despised. For a whole year her uncle had been insisting upon this point, and he had at length won her into submission. He had threatened to turn her out penniless upon the cold world if she disobeyed him.

"Cora," said Mr. Varney, "Mr. Bright wishes to hear from your own lips that you will marry with his son. Of course you will see the propriety of giving a direct answer."

This was spoken very threateningly.

"You might have spared me this," groaned the poor girl.

"Might have spared you what? Be careful, Cora. Come, we wait for your answer."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"By the saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Just at this moment the stagecoach stopped in front of the house, and in a few moments more some knocked at the door. Varney would have bade his servants to let them in, but he was engaged, but before he could sufficiently recover from the passion into which he had been thrown, the servant, who knew nothing of what was going on, opened the parlor door and ushered the visitors in.

"Louis! Louis!" cried Cora, as she sprang forward to meet the young man who had just entered.

"Yes, Cora," that was all he said, as he bowed his head upon his bosom, and he wound his arms firmly about her.

Mr. Varney was trying to recover from the shock which the appearance of young Stanton had occasioned when his eye fell upon the form of the man who had followed behind the youth. "Ah, Robert Varney."

It was Dr. John Bolton who spoke, and his thin-worn features were a look of meaning scorn. He did not extend his hand, but stood there in the centre of the room and looked Varney in the face.

"Doctor Bolton!" gasped Varney, turning pale as death.

"Doctor Bolton!" echoed Lawyer Bright, clasping his hands and sinking into a chair.

"Yes, gentlemen," returned the old doctor; and then turning towards Bright, he added,

"But I had not hoped to find you here, sir, though your presence may be most opportune."

"Back once more," murmured Cora, as she sank upon a sofa by the side of her lover. "O Louis, you know not how blessed is this coming. I will go with you now. Your home shall be my home."

"Wait a while, dearest," returned the youth, who seemed to comprehend his companion's meaning. "We have nothing more to fear."

The young people's attention was now turned to Mr. Varney, who had taken a seat, and was shaking like an aspen.

"I think I will go," said Mr. Bright, starting convulsively to his feet, and seizing his hat.

"No—no," most emphatically pronounced the doctor. "It will be for your benefit to stay. If you go, you go at your peril!"

Bright sank back into his seat, and then the doctor turned towards the host.

"Mr. Robert Varney," he said, "I suppose you thought me dead, but you have before you an ocular demonstration to the contrary. Now, sir, I have come on here from Pernambuco for the purpose of seeing a plan carried into effect, in the arrangement of which both Mr. Bright and myself, once had a hand, and in which, also, both these young people are somewhat interested. Now, sir, can you not guess what it is?"

"No—no," faintly gasped Varney.

"Can you guess, Mr. Bright?"

"No," answered the lawyer.

"Then I must tell you," resumed Bolton. "If I have been rightly informed, there has been a will executed in your favor, Robert Varney, and I will purport to be the last will and testament of Lamson Varney, and by that will you have taken to yourself the vast wealth which your brother left. It is not so!"

But neither Robert Varney nor Chester Bright said a word. They sat there before the gaze of the old doctor, and trembled like cowardly villains.

"Answer me," thundered Bolton, changing his whole bearing in an instant. "Was not such a will executed?"

"Yes," faltered Varney.

"O miserable, sneaking villain!" said Bolton, with a look of bitter contempt. "You have managed to rob two children of their rights, and now you would fatten upon the spoils. Chester Bright, you wrote out the will of Lamson Varney. You wrote it at the dying man's bedside, and you know what was its purport. You know that every penny of that great property was equally divided between Louis Stanton and Cora Lamson, and that the dying man left the hope expressed that they should become husband and wife. You know that he left property to the amount of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. I was a witness to that will, and I know that Lamson Varney never made another, for I was with him from that time until he died. You and Robert have destroyed that will, and made another. Now what fate is fitting for such as you?"

Chester Bright sank down upon his knees and clasped his hands. He knew that his villainy was all discovered.

"Mercy! mercy!" he cried, while he shook like a reed. "Let me go, sir, let me go, and I will tell all that I have done."

"Get up," said the doctor. And then turning to Varney, he added—"You see, Robert Varney, that your wickedness is all open. Now I have a proposition to make to you, and I do it with

the full consent of Louis Stanton. If you will at once make a full restitution of all this property, if you will render up every penny which your brother left—the world shall never know of your villainy. The alternative is before you."

Robert Varney was utterly crushed. He begged of Mr. Bolton to have mercy upon him—and he promised to make the restitution. He acknowledged that he had destroyed the true will of his brother, and that Bright had made the new one.

\* \* \* \* \*

The way of the transgressor is surely hard. One morning, about two months after the events just recorded, Robert Varney was missing; but he left a note behind him, directed to Louis and Cora. It ran as follows:

"I cannot stay with you longer. For all the wrong I have done, I hope to be forgiven. You have your rights now, and I can only expect that you will enjoy them. You will never see me again."

ROBERT VARNEY.

And they have never seen him since. No have they seen Chester Bright since.

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl, I'll make you change that mind," he gasped. "You shall not trifle with me."

Cora had given an answer to her uncle, but the sight of Mr. Bright, whom she knew to be at the bottom of the affair, never failed to raise once more.

"Robert Varney," she said, "you may turn out from your doors, for I will not crush out the life of my own soul."

Varney started like one shot.

"The saints, girl,

# The Flag of our Union.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## DEATH OF THE INTENDED.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

O, could our sobbing sigh restore  
The loved of earth, whom death has torn  
Awaken from this mortal shore.  
And when I closed the last-dying urn,  
Our eyes would meet in last-tears,  
And we, bereaved, would pray  
That He, who all-inspiring hears,  
Would anoint again, their day.

But, since this fate to man is given,  
Death's pale father binds his feet,  
In durance strong, and kept by heaven,  
An unsolved problem to the last;  
Then hope, to which I look for rest,  
And whispers me, "God's will be done!"  
Keep fresh the memory in my breast,  
Of him, though dead, intended one.

Soul, flown from hence, to where my heart  
Bet master's dove, was pledged to love—  
More true, than solid joys implore—  
A remembrance of "the love of love!"  
From you the pure, exalted spheres  
Return in secret, and consume  
With me, or lead a healing balm,  
And I'll to thee, a theme attune.

O, should the faintest tone be heard,  
By thee, in this, my warn appeal,  
Convey to me some spirit balm;  
And thus my inner sight unseal;  
That I may find the narrow road,  
Which leads to worlds, unchanged by this,  
Where then in heaven's serous shade,  
Art dwelling by the thron of bliss.

O, silent one, to whom so oft  
I've leaned, to catch each spoken word,  
Which came like breams mild and soft,  
When filled with songs of summer birds;  
Though laid in dust, I'll ne'er forget  
The tones that made me smile;  
And fresh, until life's sun is set,  
Will memory board thy name for me.

Cousin, too, when stay, the bright sun, in whole,  
Which frames this scene in pale paths, —  
And here that tranquil olive,  
Where thou and I will meet in soul;  
For well I know thou'rt prove my guide  
And friend, to yonder enclosing zone,  
Where sorrows cease, and tears are dried,—  
My early dead, intended one.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE BALLOON ASCENT.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.

AMONG the mountains of Cumberland the lake of Ullswater is most admirable to those who love the wilder beauties of Nature. Embosomed amid the lofty cliffs which arise all around it, its calm, blue waters reflect in their unruffled bosom the black and rugged heights which are crowned with trees on every side. Upon the brow of one of these cliffs where the groves were more luxuriant than in other places, I once sat and gazed quietly down into the smooth and placid bosom of the lake. The rays of the sun shone there gloriously, and were reflected dazzlingly into the eyes of the beholder. A thousand odorous flowers dotted the soft, green turf, seeming like stars on a midnight sky, and then perfume-scented the whole surrounding atmosphere. The songs of many woodland birds resounded on every side, carrying to my soul the most peaceful and soothings sensations, as I listened all entranced to their sweet harmony.

I sat musingly by the lake, and thought upon my home far away, and upon many scenes that had occurred in the early days of life. The scene around brought forward these remembrances, and raised from their grave many and many a long forgotten occurrence. While thus engaged, I was suddenly attracted by the noise of crackling bushes, and the soft step of some one approaching. Turning quickly, I beheld an aged man coming toward the spot where I was. He started when he saw me.

"Good day, sir!" said he. "Your presence surprised me, for I am unused to find strangers in my favorite haunts."

"I envy," said I, "him who has so delightful a spot as this to which he may retire. But if I am an intruder, I will retire."

"By no means, sir. The society of another will be pleasant, for it will form a variety. I am accustomed to sit here alone for many hours and gaze upon this lovely scene."

"It is, indeed," I replied, "a lovely scene, and I do not wonder that you should choose this place. How shady are these trees, and the birds and flowers complete the attractiveness of all around!"

By this time the stranger had seated himself. He sat down beside me and looked for awhile at the lake.

"I love this quiet lake. It is so beautiful when calm. It takes away the gloom which is frequently the oppressor of my soul. It forms a source of relief to me."

"You speak," said I, "like one whose life has been somewhat stormy!"

"It has not been generally so, but I have been affected in a peculiar manner."

I manifested some curiosity.

"If you would like to listen to my story, I will tell it to you. It will form a source of conversation, and I do not think that you will deem it uninteresting."

"By all means, tell it," I replied. "I have the greatest curiosity. Your manner held me with interest."

He gathered his cloak about him, and giving his staff a peculiar plunge among the leaves, commenced:

"My life has not been as I have hinted what is called eventful. It has been for the most part passed in this quiet and peaceful country, near the shores of the Derwentwater, among the mountains of Cumberland. There beneath a favorite elm, whose broad branches overhang the glassy lake, upon the soft, carpet-like turf, cheered by the unceasing melody of song-birds, I loved to pass my time, happy in being removed from those cares which oppress the people who dwell amid the noise and tumult, the strife, dust, and impure atmosphere of crowded cities. But one

event has occurred to me, the remembrance of which will linger until I cease to exist, every circumstance of which has been graven upon the tablet of memory in characters too deep ever to be erased. It brought down the strength of my manhood, and turned the strength of my body to listless, nerveless inaction. One hour of mortal agony, one hour of terrible suspense—that fearful hour in which my hair was bleached, and I made prematurely old—this hour—its fearful retrospect still makes me shudder—it's remembrance will continue forever.

"Mr. Chalot, the aeronaut, was a friend of mine, with whom I had been acquainted many years. Having absented about thirty times, with few material accidents, he was commonly believed to be a daring, yet skillful and prudent aeronaut, possessing great presence of mind, and coolness in the midst of danger. I do not think that he had ever been exposed to any greater danger, however, since his carefulness or fortune had so worked that he never ascended except on the fairest of days. He was always very particular about his balloon—the weight of the car, texture, and strength of the bag, tension of the cords—in short, I thought he was worthy of all confidence in this respect, so that one day when he offered to take me with him on his aerial voyage, I esteemed myself fortunate, and accepted the offer with thanks.

"I felt some slight uneasiness at the prospect, I must confess, and it will not be surprising that I did feel so, when the former quest of my life is taken into consideration. However, I contrived to get up sufficient daring, and on the appointed day was ready.

"The appointed morning—I wished when it came, that it had been any other kind of a day. The wind was blowing furiously, and, although the sky was free from clouds, yet I feared that some which hung suspiciously about the horizon, might give us some trouble. I mentioned this to Chalot.

"'Pooh,' said he, 'I've been up when it was much worse than this. Of course you would not care for a little wind. It will be all the more pleasant.'

"'Of course,' said I. 'But you look a little anxious. Is anything wrong?'

"I rather fear that something is the matter. Either I have not put in sufficient gas, or else the balloon leaks slightly, which I hardly think is possible. At any rate, the car is rather heavier than usual.'

"'We are to be done?'

"'Done! O, we must go up, in spite of everything. People all expect it. I shall be put off. But of course you are not compelled to go. Now if you have the slightest hesitation, speak up. Don't go, if you do not want to.'

"'O, I go, most certainly, if you do. I think, at least it seems to me, that we will have an extraordinary time.'

"'Yes, I suppose so, too.'

"Nine was the appointed hour. When we arrived upon the ground, we found great crowds of people assembled, manifesting their impatience by loud cries and vociferations. I noticed that the balloon did not strain so tightly as I could have wished, and the last remarks of Chalot had rather increased my uneasiness.

"The wind," said he, after a time, "will not prove troublesome. I am inclined to think that there is a different current of air above, but I will not be certain. Let me give you a piece of advice. This is the first time that you have been up in a balloon, and tyres are apt to be nervous. I was so, myself. Now keep as cool as possible. Do not jerk, or move about much. And if it makes you dizzy to look down, keep your eye on the bottom of the car."

"Dizzy? O, no," I replied. "One who has sealed the pretences of Helvellyn and Skiddaw, is not apt to be troubled much in that way."

"I am glad then," said he, "that you are not subject to such fits."

"The crowd began to be more impatient. I noticed an increased anxiety in Chalot's manner. He appeared grave, and ill at ease. At length he took out one of the ballast bags.

"Now then, I think we are all right," he exclaimed. Jump in. Sit opposite to me. Keep cool!"

"The ropes were loosened, and the balloon giving a jerk, and a few hurried swallows, went off. The place of ascent was a square, surrounded on every side by houses. It was an unfortunate choice, as the event showed. It was filled with people, in a great state of excitement. I am inclined to think that this kind of travelling takes more time to lose its effect of novelty and daring, than any other. The people sent out as ballast, soon became fatigued, as the balloon first rose with a bound from the earth. I saw them stretch their faces upward, I wondered why we did not rise faster. One look more, and I trembled with horror.

"The balloon, from some cause, was not so heavy. The wind, which, as I said, was blowing furiously, sent us along with tremendous speed, toward the south side of the square. Chalot was pale as death, for we were not more than fifty feet from the ground. He suddenly sprang from his seat.

"Clear the way! Look out!" he yelled, to the crowd below, and threw two ballast-sacks down. The people made way, and down went the sacks upon the ground. It was too late. The balloon rose a little, and then, swift as the wind, rushed directly toward the roofs of the houses. On we went, knocking down chimneys, with the car bumping and driving against the roofs, now on its side, now jerking violently to its proper position, while the balloon straining, threatened to break the rope.

"For heaven's sake, hold on!" screamed Chalot, who seemed to have lost all presence of mind. Clasping one side of the car with a death-grip, he burst out some more bags. We rose a little, and then were blown on by the wind, driving against another lofty house. Filled with mortal terror, yet still retaining some consciousness, I seized the ropes, and sought to leave the car, and thus avoid being crushed to death, or thrown out and dashed to pieces. I

climbed up, and clutched at the netting with hands and feet, scarce knowing how, or why.

"Come down! good heaven!" screamed Chalot, in accents of mortal terror.

"I looked down, and saw him brandishing a knife.

"Come down. I'll loose the balloon! Quick, or you are lost!"

"The car had caught between the roofs of two houses, and the balloon pulled violently. It would loosen in a few moments, or the ropes would break. These thoughts rushed through me, but I did not move.

"Come down! I am mad!"

"The balloon gave two more jerks—the car was slightly loosened. I saw crowds on the streets below gaze with terror! I saw men with ladders and ropes. I saw Chalot pale as death—heard him scream to me. His knife flashed for one moment—instinct—and then I felt myself with a violent dart hurled upward, far away from the region of illimitable space.

"O heaven, save me!"

"There was a moment of indescribable horror, in which, with frenzied efforts I gathered myself into the netting, and then subsided into a state of apathy, if the name of apathy can be applied to a condition in which I was, conscious, indifferent, motionless, yet oppressed with the bitterest agony of utter despair.

"I was suspended beneath the balloon, entangled among the netting, with my face downward—and in this position, I looked down upon the earth. I was not senseless, nor was I deprived of thought and reflection. Although in a situation in which one might be expected to be careless of everything save his fate, yet I was reminded of that—I felt indifferent, and, indeed, even little things. I remember that I considered for a moment the reason why the balloon was not painted. I looked at the earth, and felt a dull surprise at the smallness of every object. I wondered whether that was really a ship, or a small boy's plaything, which moved on the waters beneath. I saw, also, that, instead of ascending perpendicularly, I was moving in an oblique direction. I made a faint effort to calculate the angle, but could not do so. Other thoughts of a most trivial nature occurred. I was now at my state of mind. The very singularity of these feelings, their unnatural character, made my condition all the more horrible. Better would it have been to hang there in frantic terror, better to have pulled like a madman at the ropes, than to have been so indifferent, so fearfully calm!

"I know not how long I had been thus, but the only object that met my gaze was water, and an unknown shore beyond. Yet I did not approach it, but rose higher; as if some faint command had bade me ascend. Shrank back, and felt like one about to be suffocated! Heavy weights seemed lying upon my temples, and on my heart; tight bands seemed bound around my wrists. My ears echoed with low, dismal sounds, which, at first, I fancied came from beneath; my eyes stared wildly from their aching sockets.

"Death! Death!"

"Slowly I murmured these words—the sound came like the resurrection trumpet, to arouse me—the sound of my own voice. I heard it—it reminded me of myself, of all my hopes of life, of all the horrors of my situation. I was roused from stupor, and, though drowsy, to have carried the buoyant balloon so oblique a direction, yet I did not feel it.

"Soon I began to ascend among clouds, but still continued careless. They enveloped me on every side, hiding the earth from sight. I was wet to the skin, and chilled to the bones, while among them, I at last emerged, and still rose higher; and swiftly, and yet more swiftly I was borne through the air. I began to grow colder, my teeth chattered, slowly the blood ran through my veins. I breathed hard, and felt like one about to be suffocated! Heavy weights seemed lying upon my temples, and on my heart; tight bands seemed bound around my wrists. My ears echoed with low, dismal sounds, which, at first, I fancied came from beneath; my eyes stared wildly from their aching sockets.

"Death! Death!"

"Slowly I murmured these words—the sound came like the resurrection trumpet, to arouse me—the sound of my own voice. I heard it—it reminded me of myself, of all my hopes of life, of all the horrors of my situation. I was roused from stupor, and, though drowsy, to have carried the buoyant balloon so oblique a direction, yet I did not feel it.

"What drowsy we travel to still! And the messenger's voice causes our pulses to thrill? Why tremble, when nearing our home in the skies, Where pure joys await us, and love never dies?

This is the path we travel to gain; A track on the sea of Eternity's main: Time is bearing us onward to the vast shore, Where the toll-worn and weary shall rest forever.

not so much from the physical fatigue, as from the unspeakable agonies of horror which I had endured. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker, and thought that I should drop. I shuddered, yet still was relieved by hope, for the earth was near, and the river ran before me.

Fainter and fainter I grew. I heard cries of people—saw some forms quickly passing by. All the air whirled round me—myriads of lights sparkled near. There was a rushing, and dashings of water—I felt an icy chill, and knew no more.

Sense at length returned. I was conscious still of existence, and found myself lying upon a bed in a humble room. I turned my head, and uttered a feeble exclamation:

"Grand Dieu! vive!" cried some one near me.

"I saw a woman, a French peasant girl, and several men. I knew them to be French, for they were speaking. So then," thought I, "I am in France. I have been blown across the channel." They told me that they had picked me from the river, that they had supposed me to be dead—but finding my heart still beating, had endeavored to restore me.

"I left those kind people, bestowing on them a present, went to Rouen, which was near by, took the trains for Havre, whence I passed over to London, via Southampton. I found Chalot alive, but severely bruised. He welcomed me as one raised from the dead.

"I sat out immediately for this place, and arriving here, was scarcely known by my friends. The agony which I had endured had bleached my hair, and given to my face the anxious and wan expression of age. But the recital of my sufferings put a stop to their surprise at my appearance."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## REST EVERMORE.

BY MRS. M. W. CURRIE.

As twilight crept down to the sea,  
Unsheathing gilding, now follow we;  
Time is bearing us onward to the vast shore,  
Where we歇止 mortals end not evermore.

As frail, and as fleeting, as summer wight's sigh,  
So shrink faint-hearted, when death drags night;  
We sink to death the touch of the ice fingers of death.

Why dread we to enter the portals to still?  
And the messenger's voice causes our pulses to thrill?

Why tremble, when nearing our home in the skies,  
Where pure joys await us, and love never dies?

This is the path we travel to gain;

A track on the sea of Eternity's main:

Time is bearing us onward to the vast shore,

Where the toll-worn and weary shall rest forever.

**HOW CINCINNATI BECAME A CITY.**

In the settlement of new countries, it often happens that the most trivial circumstances produce important results. According to Professor Brewster, in his "North West Survey," the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati should be the great commercial town of the Miami country was decided by the fact that the commander-in-chief of the military station at North Bend became sick, and his wife, removed to Cincinnati. Finding that his health had failed where he was stationed, and the husband becoming somewhat alarmed at the attention which the commander-in-chief paid to his wife, recommended her to a doctor in Cincinnati, who with his wife, removed to Cincinnati. The doctor's wife was a native of Ohio to the place where she is now. It is this American Helen who had contained the garrison here, the garrison would have been erected there—population, capital and business would have been centered there, and hence it would have been the Queen City of the West. After this will say that Helen is of no importance in the decrees of fortune!—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

**FOURTY DOLLARS AND FOUND.**

A companionless pilot of good birth, a west-ern steamship captain, who hired "40," a fellow, at one of the ports on the river, to New Orleans, "for forty dollars a month and found," giving him in advance five dollars, to supply an urgent pressing emergency. The new hand was to be born in the morning "before the first chicken crow'd," but he never made his appearance.

After the captain discovered him at a wood-chop, jumped ashore, called the dishonest "hand," and asked him the reason why he had not kept the engagement.

"What was the terms?" inquired the fellow, with the utmost coolness and indifference. "Very well," replied the recruit, "did you find me?"

"That was a poor! The captain had a fund to him now, altho' he had looked for him at every port and shipping place, on all the rivers he had traversed."—*P.M.L. Courier.*

## SYDNEY SMITH.

With Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images; these followed each other with a rapidity that seemed little fit to laugh; he however, had a fund to him, and more money than any one. This eccentric humor of mirth came and went with the occasion; it can not be repeated or reproduced. His powers of fun were at their height united with the strength and practical wisdom sense. While he laughed away serious scenes, he ate, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudices which had bravado for a thousand years, and the breath of ridicule.—*Lord J. Russell.*

## PLANTS IN BED-ROOMS.

It is injurious to sleep in rooms in which plants are kept, which are not in a perfectly healthy condition, the leaves are then not only unfit to absorb the carbonic acid thrown off from the human body, but they in turn give off a perceptible quantity of the deleterious vapors. When in a perfectly healthy state, plants take up the carbon rapidly, and continue the process during their whole life, purifying and fitting the air for the existence of all animated beings.—*Home Companion.*

Grittitude in the generality of men is only a strong and secret wish to receive still greater benefits.—*Rochebeau.*

Gratitude in the generality of men is only a strong and secret wish to receive still greater benefits.—*Rochebeau.*

## Jester's Picnic.

"First class in mathematics, stand up. What is simple division?"

"Please, sir, I know. Breaking Bob Smith's cake, when he is not there."

"Right! What is compound division?"

"Breaking the whole of Bob Smith's cake and dividing it between yourself and brother."

"Right again! Now go out of doors and put your nose into something cold, to keep you from bleeding."

In a certain village lived a very honest farmer who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting idly, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered:

"I thirst for the spirit."

"Grog, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, 'hoe every one that thirsteth.'

"But, did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?"

"No, sir, I was not there."

"I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was." "Ma!" said he, all at once, "O, ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind them, won't get any."

A lad of about eight years of age, son of a respectable Gloucestershire farmer, reading with his class, came to the words "the whey as comes from the cheese."

A lady, who is an enthusiastic admirer of Jenny Lind, being told that she had married an Ottoman, was greatly annoyed by the slander. He was not a Turk, nor a sofa, nor an ottoman in any shape." But his name is Otto," interrupted her tormentor, "and the world must give him credit for being a man; and of course, he is an Ottoman!"

A gentleman named Dunlop being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of the persons present, remarked that he had never heard his name pronounced, and asked if it could be done. "There is nothing in the world so easy, sir," replied the punster; "just lay off the tail, and it is done."

The keeper of a cheap boarding house has come to the conclusion that the modern sausage is a general article of food, not to be despised, and that it is the best of all kinds of sausages. The manager of a hotel in a neighboring town, however, is of the opinion that the modern sausage is a general article of food, not to be despised, and that it is the best of all kinds of sausages.

"How can you be sure that Mrs. H. will read this letter?" said one friend to another, who wished to communicate intelligence to a married lady indirectly. "I hear that you have directed it to her husband."

"She'll open it to a certainty," was the reply; "don't yousee I've marked private in the corner?"

A lover once wrote to a lady who had rejected him, saying that he intended to "retire to some sea-side town and breathe his life in sighs."

To which the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to meditate or large size?" The man has not since been heard from.

Gentleman—"Sixty pounds a year!" Why, we are aware that such a sum is more than twice the value of a good servant."

"Flinkey—yes, sir; but then you would have to pay for compare me with the inferior order of clergy?"—*Punch.*

The Boston letter writer says, that people who want to buy or sell liquor in that city now have got to go where the damsel kissed his neighbor's wife—behind the door.

It is said that two of a trade cannot agree. How then is it that a pair of young lovers live so happily in a state of mutual idolatry?

Why is a man sailing up the Tigris like a boy that is going to put his father in a sack?—Because he's going to Bagdad. (Bagdad.)

What's the difference between fish alive, and live fish?—There is a difference.

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.**

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic genius, and original tales, written expressly for the young, and adapted to their comprehension.

It is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

**A PAPER FOR THE MILLION.**

AND A WELCOME VISITOR TO THE HOME CIRCLE.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of interesting news, all of which are selected and adapted to the taste of the average reader.

It is published weekly, and contains 16 pages of fine white paper, with four large weekly paper or eight super-size quartos pages.

TEMS.—**INvariably ADVANCED.**

subscribers, one year, . . . . . \$2.00

subscribers, " . . . . . 100

100 per annum.

One copy of **THE FLAG OF OUR UNION**, when taken together by one person, \$4.00 per annum.

\* \* \* \* \* **No travelling agents are ever employed for this paper.**

**THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.** is the property of all rights reserved by the publishers, and is sold only by them.

The Flag is printed on fine white paper, with new and novel designs, and is sold at a price of 10 cents per week, and 40 cents per month.

Large weekly paper or eight super-size quartos pages.

TEMS.—**INvariably ADVANCED.**

subscribers, one year, . . . . . \$2.00

subscribers, " . . . . . 100

100 per annum.

One copy of **THE FLAG OF OUR UNION**, when taken together by one person, \$4.00 per annum.

\* \* \* \* \* **No travelling agents are ever employed for this paper.**

**COMPTON & THOMPSON STS., BOSTON, MASS.**

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. FRANCIS, 121 Nassau Street, New York.